

Lost at Sea
Fabrice Poussin

Liquid now, the substance of our lives once so solid;
it runs like a torrent of memories lost in darkness,
cut by the sharp edges of a jaded river bed,
all weapons of time's flow at ready to end it all.

Fragments thrown from bank to bank, pebbles
smaller and smaller soon to vanish into an ocean,
lost amid yours, mine, theirs, and everyone's,
like ashes of the corpse sown at random in the field.

The puzzle of a billion pieces never fully assembled,
too often restarted, hopelessly on a dangerous slope,
under a sky green, her eyes red, and a tree blue;
the razor cut too deep, never dull, too precise.

Voices in twelves tones, seeking yet another;
symphony, march, duet impossible on wretched music sheet;
grains of sand for a note, blades of grass for a pencil,
but too many tears, and now the paper disappears.

The river speaks, it giggles and it laughs, with not a care,
dutiful she will not break for an instant from the task due;
she takes away the fluid of our hopes, our love in pain,
and tosses it away, into the sea; good riddance.

We are gone now, the tempest ceased, the sailor smokes his pipe;
how must we feel as we listen to the song so sad of the gull,
while the widow in soot drops a silver tear to no avail?
A single ripple in the deep peace of the Pacific, we live again.

Fabrice Poussin teaches French and English at Shorter University. Author of novels and poetry, his work has appeared in *Kestrel*, *Symposium*, *The Chimes*, and many other magazines. His photography has been published in *The Front Porch Review*, *the San Pedro River Review*, and other publications.